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Vol. III.]

FEBRUARY, 1884.

[No. 2.

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F A C T S

Devoted to the Statements of Mental and Spiritual Phenomena.

*"Pledged but to truth, to liberty and law,
No favor sways us, and no fear shall awe."*

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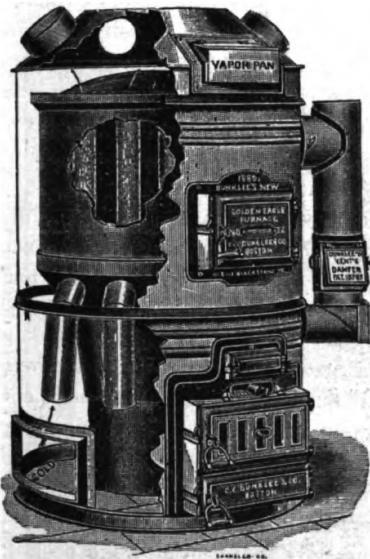
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Photograph of Spirit Children.—See March No. (1884) of FACTS for description.

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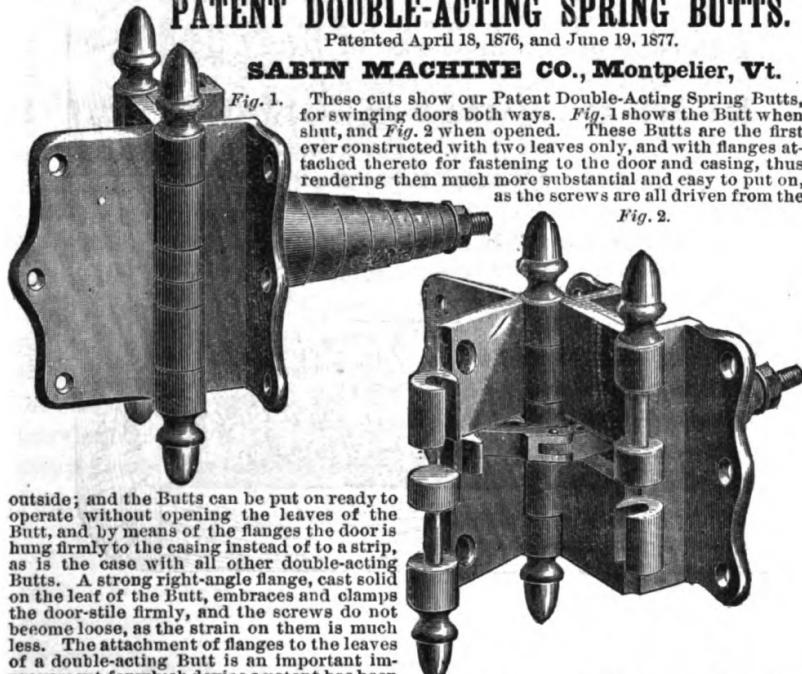
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Fig. 2.



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OUR OPINIONS ON THE SUBJECT OF INVESTIGATION.

The success of any enterprise depends largely upon the individual efforts of its leaders, and the soundness of their principles and policy.

The FACTS journal has, and we hope will always have, a settled course of action. Our plans in the main, and our ideas of investigation, are the same as when we began the publication of the FACTS magazine, nearly two years ago. We are not disposed to question the rights of others to investigate any science as they desire; and, therefore, of those who feel that no investigation of spiritual science is of value except by the methods of rigorous physical demonstration, we claim an equal right to prosecute our investigations in the manner which we prefer, and this certainly belongs to all investigators in any department of knowledge. Nor do we admit that our method of gathering facts by receiving all credible evidence, and placing a judicious reliance on human testimony, is at all inferior to the method of those who think that the testimony of honorable, intelligent citizens is of little value, and that the only parts to be relied on are those which are gathered under rigid and extraordinary precautions, as if all parties to phenomena were destitute of veracity and honesty. We do not think that spiritual phenomena should be treated on any other principles than those of common sense and prudence which govern us in business transactions, in the administration of laws, and the acquisition of geographic and historic knowledge. We do not sympathize with that statement which assumes that if there is the remotest possibility that any spiritual phenomena may be an error, therefore it must be false and fraudulent,—or, in other words, we do not assume that every spiritual phenomenon must be considered fraud and delusion until we have evidence as strong as mathematics to prove its truth. There may be skeptical minds that demand such a policy, but if it had been generally pursued it would have greatly retarded the progress of spiritualism, and hindered or damaged its chief supporters. Equally unreasonable do we consider it to demand that every witness of spiritual facts should be an expert in physical science, for spiritual and physical

sciences are as distinct as chemistry and music. A professor of physical science may be profoundly ignorant in spiritual science, and unfit to give valuable testimony, while one who has no knowledge of physical science may be an expert in the spiritual, and worthy of implicit reliance. We attach no value to the reports of self-opinionated individuals who consider themselves qualified to judge of the whole subject of modern spiritualism because they have attended one seance, which, if not what they expected, or perhaps not free from untruth, was beyond their comprehension. Ignorance is always to be deplored, and we are not for one moment attempting to show that an ignorant man is more valuable to any cause than an educated one, but we do claim that ignorance on any subject is a good reason why such a person should not profess to teach, or even express his opinion, until he has investigated, although he may be an honored investigator in some other branch of scientific research. As we have said before, it does not require scientific investigation to say the moon shines; nor is it required to make a man believe he knows his friend if he sees him at a seance; therefore, we publish the evidence of others as they profess to have seen it, and while it is a fact to them, it is of more or less importance to others, as each mind sees it to be valuable. Nor shall we allow for one moment the vexed questions of the day, which belong to humanity at large, to enter into our work on mental and spiritual phenomena. We hold that the acceptance and investigation of these laws, from a scientific standpoint, has nothing whatever to do with a man's life or morals, admitting that the more beautiful the conditions, and the more elevated the taste and character of the investigator, the better the quality of the phenomena, but not more conclusive as evidence of immortality, or of more importance to science as a foundation on which to build; therefore, our investigations will be as practical as the circumstances will admit. We shall wait patiently to know the truth, and not judge hastily of evidence of which we are not absolutely certain, but shall not refuse to publish descriptions of phenomena which we are satisfied are genuine, even though we know that under some other circumstances the medium has been fraudulent, or that his moral character is bad. Our duty will be to obtain from all sources, so far as possible, the evidence of immortality, and we believe that evidence to be as valuable to science in establishing the truth when coming from a spirit whose earth life was corrupt, but well defined, as if from an exalted spirit of light, even though the medium may be as bad as the spirit was while in earth life.

"O friend, you, who have been so kind to them, will, I am told by your husband, whose spirit helps me to come here to you, give me one ray of hope, one word of kindness, and convey to the mother I insulted, and the brother whose young life is wrecked, for my sake and through my error, my plea for forgiveness."

I assured him I would do so, but suggested that he should assume control of the hand of the medium and write the message, which he did, and I sent it to the mother, repeating it verbally to the boy in prison on my next regular visit to him, which message, I am glad to say, was gratefully received and believed, for the Dwight Kidder within those walls, removed from temptation, subdued by sorrow, educating himself by hard study in every moment of his solitude, is another and wiser, and consequently better, youth than he who roamed the streets of Springfield in his too free days with his older but no wiser brother. No trace of the old passionate temper, the old impatience, is in his face, which, softened so, and marked with lines of grief and loneliness and longing, is even more refined and spiritual looking than when it turned so piteously toward the judge in the dreary morning light and begged to be "sentenced before mother comes in to hear."

On Saturday last, July 29, 1883, I attended a circle for manifestation in the light, at the cottage at Onset Bay, where Mr. Rothermal is staying. As I was leaving my room to go, I picked up from my bureau a small slate which my boy had lain there covered with his lesson, cleaned it, placed a bit of pencil on it, and took it with me. The medium was scarcely seated when my slate, which had been, with his permission, placed on the little stand behind the curtain, was handed out, but, instead of being given me, was, by direction of the intelligence behind, laid on a table at one side till further orders. The seance went on, our handkerchiefs were handed in, hands were visible in different parts of the cabinet, the usual demonstrations going on, and all interested, when the medium pronounced "Charley." I have a dear relative in spirit life whose name is Charley, and, thinking at that moment only of him, was about to speak in response to him when, with the same shriek which has rung in my ears often since that terrible night in Carew street, Springfield, and the

same wild cry, "My God, I am shot," the medium fell partly backward and said: "Oh, spirit, take this influence off." I, recognizing it in an instant, said: "Please, Charley, don't distress the medium." The medium said, "They want the lady to have her slate now." It was handed me. On it were written these words, which I showed to no one, nor did I repeat them: "We are glad to give you this. All has been forgotten. He is much more relieved since reaching his mother. He has nothing to do with my spirit.—LUTH W. B."

A few moments later my handkerchief, which had been behind the curtain for some time, was handed out to me. [This handkerchief, by the way, is one which Dwight had in jail with him, and which my husband carried while he lived, as a souvenir of Dwight, and which I happened to carry that day.] Upon it was written this message, signed "Jo" (my husband's pet name): "Love is all that constitutes the parable of earth and life. Charley is now feeling much better over what he has done." Of this message I said not a word to anyone, but on leaving the room went immediately to keep an appointment at the class with Prof. Caldwell, for experiments in mesmerism and development of mediumship. Becoming much interested in the movements and experiments going on all around me, I had entirely forgotten everything else, when some one across the room said: "The spirit wants to speak to Julia; who is Julia?" I crossed the room, placed myself directly in front of the newly-developed medium, entranced for the second time in her life, and was greeted by her with two outstretched hands and the well-known "Well, Julia, you do come sometimes out of your way to speak to uncle George, don't you?" The spirit of my uncle George W. Tiffet, of Buffalo, held that medium entranced nearly two hours, and through her, whom I never saw before, of whose very name I was ignorant, told me of conversations held twenty years ago on the old Tiffet farm in Buffalo; of my life from that time to this; of his friends and mine, gone one by one to the other side of life, crowding around us now for recognition. Suddenly pausing a moment he said: "Here comes a man whom I never knew before in either world, but he wants me to step out and let him step in." "Mrs. Dawley," said a feeble, sad voice, "I want to thank you for your kind care of my poor boy, whose life was in such peril, for your

staunch adherance to his cause, and your loyal defence of his mother, and to tell you that I remember *you were alone with me when I passed out of the body, and your husband closed its eyes.*" Then said a different voice, "I am Charley, and I want to send a message by you to Dwightie when you go to see him. Next week Friday will be your day to visit him. Tell him I send my dear love to him, and we have gotten your spirit friends, and many other bands in sympathy with us, to make him free by one means or another before very long. Tell him to be comforted, for the souls of angels and men are in sympathy with him, and will work for his development and freedom and perfect joy."

These few connected links in a long chain of facts, which has been given me since I set out to see for myself what there is in spiritualism, I trust may do some good somewhere, and lead some soul on to new effort and new resolve to work for angels and humanity.

FINDING THE BODY OF A PERSON WHO HAD BEEN DROWNED.

By Mrs. J. R. STONE, No. 18 Edinboro St., Boston, Mass.

The 15th of August, 1883, I took dinner at the Onset Bay House, East Wareham, Mass., with Dr. McAllister and wife, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. S. P. Billings, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield, and others. When the dinner was about half over, Dr. McAllister went into an apparently unconscious trance condition, and began to describe the position of the lifeless body of the young man, Charles Barker, who was drowned the evening before. He said it was within five rods of the place where the accident had occurred. That, during the search of the past eighteen hours, the boats had passed over the body several times. The spirit of the young man controlling Mr. McAllister kept saying: "Do help get my body up, it is all cramped, and the crabs and fishes are eating it." "Do help my poor mother, my poor mother, what will she say? Do help."

A very general opinion prevailed at this time that, as all attempts to find the body had proved unavailing, the incoming and outgoing tides must have carried the body away, and that it was

foolish to longer continue the search, but the Doctor assured us that such was not the case; that the body had not been moved far from where it went down, and he also said if he could go out in a boat he felt confident he could give directions which would locate the body sufficiently to have it rescued.

I was interested in testing the clearness of the doctor's clairvoyant vision, and on meeting Mr. J. A. Burgess, chief of police, on the wharf about an hour after, told him what Dr. McAllister had just seen and told us. I asked Mr. Burgess if he would not try the spirits, remarking if the doctor can go out and by spirit power point out the spot where the body lies, it will do more for the cause of spiritualism, and to convince skeptics, than all the preaching during the four weeks of camp-meeting.

In a few minutes Mr. Burgess had obtained a boat, with two men, and the doctor gave directions to go at once to the scene of the accident. About this time I went to Wicket's Island, and within an hour after I had reached that place I was informed that the body had been found and was to be towed to the shore. It was said to have been found just where the doctor located it.

The following communication was given through me on Wednesday, Aug. 15, 1883, in the presence of a large number of people: "Landmark, a large stone, a straight line west, at right angles northward, about four rods from where my body sunk down. Form a circle and search thereabout, and my body can be found. My name, Charley Barker."

DR. MCALLISTER, Washington, D. C.

I hereby testify that I was in the boat when Dr. McAllister located the body, and that it was found within a half an hour after he described the position, and within the circle where he said it was. He described the clothing.

GEORGE MCBERRE, East Wareham.

Aug. 20, 1883.

I was also in the boat, and testify that the body was found on the line where the doctor told us to search for it, and that we should find it there.

MR. CHARLES E. BURGESS.

I hereby certify that the statement of Dr. J. F. McAllister is correct.

SILAS S. GIBBS, No. 7 Groveland St., Lynn, Mass.

The foregoing statement was written in a note-book at 10 o'clock, A.M., of August 15, 1883, by Dr. McAllister. The original is in Mr. Gibbs' possession.

MRS. J. R. STONE, 18 Edinboro St., Boston, Mass.

I hereby certify that the above statement made by Mrs. Stone is, to my knowledge and belief, true. MR. J. A. BURGESS, Chief of Police,
Onset Bay, East Wareham, Mass.

Aug. 21, 1883.

I can certify that the above statement is true.

MRS. SARAH P. BILLINGS, Boston, Mass.

Aug. 20, 1883.

SHORT-HAND WRITING BY A SPIRIT.

By Dr. H. B. STOREE, Boston, Mass.

About twenty years ago a mechanic in a machine shop in Lowell began to hear sounds in his ears, which were afterward found to be words spoken. They were listened to, and he was told to get a book and write what he heard, which he did. Mr. Yeton, the medium, was told to write short-hand. He said, "I do not know how;" but he was told that he would be taught, which was done. A book was written by his hand, illuminated by the colors red and blue. Rev. T. W. Higginson and Mr. Stone said it was the handsomest written of any they had ever seen.

I sat with him, and asked the spirits if they would write me something, and the answer was "Yes." We sat at the table, and a poem was written called "Contentment," the word being illuminated by the different colored inks.

I visited Yeton a number of times, and a spirit named Knowles, who controlled him, afterward came and personated through me. Subsequently I began to grow skeptical in the matter, and went to ask the control if he had been to me, but he did not answer. A few days after I received a letter from Yeton stating that the spirit had written two poems for me, of five verses each. One was written in the medium's own handwriting, the other in photographic characters. About three months after, I saw a Mr. Beckworth, who could read short-hand, and asked him to translate it, which he did, and the two writings were found to be the same poem, one in reporting style, the other corresponding style. At the bottom was a short message, which Mr. Beckworth translated, saying at the same time, "I do not know what it means, but it reads, 'I did control you.—FREEMAN KNOWLES.'"

DIAGNOSIS AND HEALING.

By Mrs. M. J. FOLSOM, No. 2 Hamilton Place, Boston.

Some time in the spring of 1883 I was called to see one of the members of the Boston police force, who had been sick for about fifteen weeks. The attending physician had told his wife that he could not recover. When I first saw him he was suffering very much, and while my little Indian control, Wildflower, was treating him, she said: "Do you remember a cold night last winter when you drank a cup of hot coffee?" Upon answering that he did, she told him it was the cause of his sickness. I took him as a patient, and in four weeks he walked out, and in less than two months was back again on duty. The name of the gentleman can be obtained of Mrs. Folsom.

A PROPHESY FULFILLED.

By Mrs. JAMES A. BLISS, Boston, Mass.

While in New York city, at one time, I went to Mrs. Henly for a sitting. As I stepped into the room the medium looked up to me and said, "I do not believe I can get anything for you, for I think you are a great skeptic." Upon hearing this I turned to leave, when she said, "I *will* give you a sitting." I had at that time in the form a little boy five months old, and it was of him that she spoke, telling me that he would pass away in a short time, and giving the reasons. The child then was apparently well, but in two or three weeks began to droop, and in four months passed over to the other life.

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING AT HARMONY HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

Editor of *Facts*: In regard to your request concerning what I know of the independent slate-writing at Mrs. Keeler's reception, held in Harmony Hall, Boston, Jan. 17, 1884, I will say that I was present, and was invited with two other gentlemen, Mr. Charles Robinson, of 45 Pleasant Street, Boston, and Mr. S. S. Morgan, of 47 Indiana Place, Boston, both of whom were stran-

gers to me, to assist in the experiment. We went into a small room adjoining the hall, where Mr. Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, the medium, opened a package, containing six new slates. Two of them were handed to me to clean. After doing so, they were tied together with a strong cord, and having a small piece of pencil between them. I then put a private mark upon them, to distinguish them from any others.

The other members of the committee having arranged their slates in a similar manner, they were then tied with mine in one package, and placed upon a table on the platform.

About this time Mr. Keeler remarked that slate-writing was peculiar, and unlike other manifestations, and that he would not go onto the platform without first knowing whether the spirits would write or not. He asked for a lead pencil, and two were presented, one of which proved satisfactory, it being about four inches in length. Mr. Keeler placed the pointed end of the pencil on the surface of the table near the center, pressing firmly on the opposite end with his thumb, and on his thumb I placed my fingers. He then asked the spirits if they would write on the slates. Almost instantly a response in raps was heard at the point of the pencil, signifying that they would. Mr. Keeler then said: "It will be all right, for the spirits never disappoint me after making a promise." When the entertainment for the evening was about half through, it was announced that Mr. Keeler would attempt the promised slate-writing. We stepped upon the platform, and examined the slates, which were found just as we had left them. The committee, with Mr. Keeler, took a pair of slates and held them in full view of the company, I heard what seemed to be the pencil writing. When it was finished, Mr. Keeler could not remove his hands, and called for us to do so, which we did. His hands appeared to hold the slates with a spasmodic grasp, and his thumbs were white from extreme pressure. The slates were untied, and upon one was found a long communication from Hon. Thomas Paine (see illustration opposite page 24). Another pair was then tried, on which was written two communications, one from Alice Cary, and another from George Christy, a well-known minstrel.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH HARRIS.

Harrison Square, Boston.

COPY OF SLATE-WRITING SPOKEN OF BY MR. HARRIS.

"**M**Y KIND FRIENDS,—I have come this evening I am aware unknown to you; but it is my mission to say a word toward the uplifting of bowed heads and hearts all over the land who have loved ones in our bright spirit world. Do not be saddened by the transition of darling ones, nor the shifting troubles of your life. The misfortunes of your life are too fleeting, and the joys of heaven too perpetual, to all you to mourn over the trifles you now have to contend with. If it were not for the clouds and blackness and rain, the buds would not blossom into loveliness, nor the blessings of nature be appreciated. Every tear you now shed, because of your unhappy lot, is watering the germ of a future joy; every sigh you now give is wakening it to life; and every smile you display is shedding upon it a glow destined to bring it the quicker to maturity. Be content with the present, and fear not the future. A higher destiny than you can evoke rules us all, and we must walk as it bids, whether we would or no.

Dear friends, be not lonely, for time cannot sever
The charm that unites us in memory's chain;
E'en though death the sweet voice may have silenced forever,
In spirit its accents will waken again.

Lovingly, your friend, ALICE CARY."

"Hello, boys, I am here. Come again and see me.
Faithfully yours, GEO. CHRISTY."

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING AT WELLS MEMORIAL HALL, BOSTON.

Editor of *Facts*: Agreeably to an arrangement made by the Lecture Committee of the Spiritualistic Phenomena Association with the independent slate-writing medium, Mr. Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, this gentleman appeared on Sunday, Jan. 27, 1884, in Wells Memorial Hall, before an audience of six hundred people or more, and produced that which, to many, was conclusive evidence of an intelligence outside of the committee, and which produced the writing. As this was the second attempt before a public audience, the committee, of which there were four, met in the ante-room connected with the hall, and received six slates, as they had been purchased the day before, and, according to written instructions, prepared them for the test upon the platform.

W. H. G. O. Teacher - Meditator
Before one audience or a crowd

Good evening, Citizens.
It is for personal benefit to me to consider on this occasion. But I
have come for the purpose of imparting as far as I can a great truth, this meeting
of highly important, exhibited in a manuscript, requiring the exertion of man's Reason in
comprehending it. Any demonstration calculated to make men see the Reason, will lead him
to arrive nearer to the Truth, than any other possible means. Think in your condition of life
I hoped for life hereafter; and now I have it. But we do not accept things here by
stumbled Reason (a result of blind faith). We must give free exercise to the Reasoning faculties implanted
in us by God; if we would escape destruction in the spirit world. The immortal Reason
of man is his only survivor. Nothing we can be, who needs no form of God, will
be crosses on Calvaries can ever save a man's soul from the darkness cast about it
by ignorance and blind faith, in the utterances of a naturally priesthood. But I must
close, and will do so with a few lines the perfect rendering of which I cannot now exert in, and
I have no means of obtaining the original.

Truth! Truth! Oh Mighty Truth! What art thou?

There art no leaf of fresh green
Or vanished fragrance pressed between
The pages of a Bible
But from words of love thou art wrought
Material by good deeds.

Brotherly yours, Sherman Paine

Written at Harmony Hall 34 West Street Boston
in full glass light. Jan 1884

Wells Memorial Hall Dec 27 1884 before 5pm - 300 people
Mr. P. D. Kehler moderator

Oh my dear friends I am so glad to come here
to day and say a word to my friends who were our workers
in the spiritual work with me. I am still interested in you
and am nothing. I love this association so much and hope
for its grand result. I cant write much before such a
big audience. I am always pleased
or spent silly.

Wells. I must come here and write to ye-s.
I followed my medium but I wrote through the
medium's control to day. Say! Went of your boots
Shined? If you do put em in the sole's tha! tha!
I dont like that Herald man and what he said
about Mrs. Fay - He is a liar.
Billy - the bookbuck

Wells, James A. B.G. 16 - Years old. Son of Mr. & Mrs. H. B. Rutledge
3d Edwards
of Franklin, Mass.

First, they were tied in pairs, with bits of pencil between them, then they were all securely tied in one package and placed by Mr. S. S. Goodwin upon the speaker's desk, where they remained a short time. They were then held by the committee, with the medium's hand upon them, before the audience. Presently those holding them, and those nearest the platform, heard distinctly the writing of the invisibles. When finished, the slates were opened, and a communication found from Michael Servitus, Aunt Mary Stearns, a lady well known to Boston spiritualists, and also one from "Billy the boy black," a control of Dr. James A. Bliss (see illustration on opposite page). To the majority of the audience, this was a very satisfactory seance, and we hope to have more like it.

ALONZO DANFORTH,

Cor. Secretary, S. P. A.

Wells Memorial Hall, Sunday, Jan. 27, 1884.

THE FOLLOWING IS A COPY OF THE WRITING ON THE SLATE,
NOT ILLUSTRATED.

"I can write but a few words, and I hope they will prove there is a power and intelligent being outside of the mortal being; indeed, the capabilities of the spirit are infinite. I passed from your life many years ago, and have ascended to the highest spheres. I would like to say more, but cannot at this time.

MICHAEL SERVITUS."

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING IN PRESENCE OF
PIERRE L. O. A. KEELER.

From verbal and written reports we learn that on Saturday, January 26th, 1884, Mr. S. S. Goodwin of Boston, purchased six slates, took them to his room, kept them there until the afternoon of the next day, Sunday, when he carried them to Wells Memorial Hall, where a committee, consisting of S. S. Goodwin, chairman, Alonzo Danforth, Charles W. Robinson, and Mrs. Hannah Tower, was appointed. Mr. Goodwin removed the wrapper from the slates in their presence, and the same were handed to the committee for inspection, who washed them thoroughly, placed bits of pencil between them, tied them together in pairs, and afterward the whole six were tied in one package. This package

was carried by Mr. Goodwin, in view of the committee, and placed upon the desk on the platform, before the audience. Mr. Goodwin stated that Mr. Keeler, the medium, had not had access to the slates, nor had they been out of his possession after he purchased them, nor out of sight of the committee after being brought into the hall. Mr. Keeler then went upon the platform with the committee, each grasped the package of six slates with their right hands, clasping their left over the slates. While thus held in broad daylight, with nothing covering the slates, the movement of the bits of pencil was distinctly heard, and, upon opening the same, the committee found written upon the inside surfaces three communications in three different handwritings, one signed Michael Servitus, one Aunt Mary Stearns, and the third, "Billy the boot-black." This writing was therefore obtained upon slates that the medium had never handled until entering the hall. The writing was done before a critical audience, and a watchful and intelligent committee, who individually endorsed the above statements as made by Mr. Goodwin.—ED.]

APPOINTMENT MADE BY A SPIRIT.

By Mr. JAMES A. BLISS, of Boston, Mass., at Fact-Meeting.

At one of Mrs. Bliss' materializing seances at Onset Bay, in July, 1883, one evening, when Mr. Whitlock was present, and he had properly sealed the cabinet, and after several spirit forms had appeared, a voice said: "I want four seats for next Saturday night, as my father and mother are coming."

On inquiry, the spirit represented himself to be a son of Mr. Clary, Kansas City, Mo. I agreed to save the seats, but forgot to do so.

When Saturday night came, the circle was full, as usual, and I had made no provision for the four persons that the spirit said would be there, but, to my surprise, they came, Mr. and Mrs. Clary, and Mr. and Mrs. Dooley. I will say, however, that they were accommodated.

[The above statement I will endorse.—ED.]

FACTS GLEANED FROM EARLY HISTORY.

INTRODUCTION.

I yield to the request of the editor in presenting the following "facts." He wishes me to give them in detail, as they will show one of the ways that unseen agents were preparing the instruments they were to use in this most important work.

We cannot well imagine the difference it would have made if Mr. Charles Partridge had not been so thoroughly convinced of the truths of spiritualism that he would spend with liberality, and stand firm when others would quail and desert the cause. He invited Mrs. Fox and daughters to his house; and there was the first gathering to investigate. Every Thursday Dr. Gray, Mr. Waddell, and Dr. Wellington, and sometimes Horace Greeley, met to see how these simple raps could subserve some high purpose. The sequel will show how Mr. Partridge and I (the writer) were prepared to enter with enthusiasm upon any service that would promote the cause.

Although Mr. Greeley was never so fully convinced that he would avow and defend his belief, I have heard him ask questions when there was evidently no doubt in his mind that the answers were from his little son.

NARRATIVE.

I first heard of a trance in 1838, when I laughed at the idea that bringing the hands down before the face should "put a person to sleep." But, on reflection, I saw that it was more reasonable that one living person should affect another than that one metal rubbed over my knife-blade should make it capable of attracting and lifting needles. And it was far more probable that God should have more *truth* to reveal to man than that my intelligent friend, who had seen this experiment tried, should be so badly deceived. I studied Deleuze's work on 'Animal Magnetism' carefully; and the first time I experimented I saw my subject in a trance, entirely obedient to my will, but unaffected by the imperious demands of her father. I had varied experiences for ten years following, and gradually became satisfied that in this state the spirit of my subject could commune with those who had left the body, and consequently they became very sacred to me.

In 1843 I was pastor of the Unitarian church in Manchester, N. H. One day Mr. Frederic Smyth (since Governor of that State) called on me, and said, out of curiosity, he had magnetized a young lady friend, and since that time her natural sleep was so much disturbed that her friends were alarmed. He brought her to my study to be entranced, solely for her good ; and when in this state I said to her : "Look, now, and see what will relieve you from this condition that so troubles your friends." After a few minutes' apparent reflection, she replied : "If I could be entranced by my favorite minister three times, it would relieve me, and also cure me of sleep-walking." "When should he magnetize you to best affect you?" "At two this afternoon, and eleven and two tomorrow." "Does Mr. Wallace (the Orthodox minister) believe in magnetism?" "No, but if he could be induced to try, it would certainly cure me."

It was near the time named, and Mr. Smyth found Mr. Wallace, and we urged him to attempt the cure. After some conversation and explanation, Mr. Wallace said : "Mr. Wellington, I am a complete infidel in this matter. I have no faith at all that I can relieve her." "I do not wonder at that," I replied, "but I am confident, if you honestly try, you will soon entrance her ; and, if you follow directions, she will be cured." He looked in my face, as if measuring my sincerity, and replied : "Well, out of respect for your opinion, and from a real interest in the girl, I will try, and try faithfully."

Miss F. was cured, and was very clairvoyant, and showed wonderful susceptibility to an influence on the organs of the brain. One day I entranced her at my study, when she had her scissors and knitting-needles in her hand. These being in the way of some experiments, I took them from her, and laid them on the mantel. She left the house without thinking of them, and when she returned, I handed them to her, and, lo ! the instant they touched the extended hand, the arm was paralyzed and immovable until I relieved her by upward passes. I then first learned that I could communicate influence to material objects, and found afterwards I could magnetize a half dollar, or other object, so as to entrance my subjects, even if laid in their hands without their knowing it.

One day, when in a magnetic sleep in my study, she suddenly

burst into uncontrollable grief, and told us that an especial friend had died at his father's house, twenty miles distant. She said his last words were dictating a letter to her, and that it was now on the way, and would be in the office in one hour, and as she would not otherwise be likely to go, she said: "Will you please will me to go for the letter soon after tea?"

When wakened, she knew nothing of this, and was especially bright and cheerful. Mr. Smyth went to the office and ascertained that there was then no letter there. After tea she went, obtained the letter, and, as soon as she broke the seal, burst into tears.

The matter had now become interesting. We found that while she was sitting alone two evenings before, somewhat sad because she had not been invited to a friend's party, the clock struck eight, and she took a candle to go to her chamber, up two flights of stairs. At the top of the first flight she saw her friend, and spoke to him, saying: "Why, C., how came you here?" She distinctly remembered this; but the next thing she could recall was that she was sitting on the next flight of stairs, and her candle beside her. She had no idea how long she had been there.

As soon as we could learn the facts, we found that the young man died just at eight o'clock. I inferred that, as his mind was intent on the letter he was dictating, in spirit he was with her, and in such power as to entrance her by the *same law that I could*. All that was easy for me to believe. But here was evidence that *a spirit could manifest to our physical senses*,—what I had supposed possible, but of which I had never before had such evidence.

This was same months before the first sound of footsteps were heard in the house at Hydesville, four years before Mr. Fox moved into the house, and the reader is now desired to carefully examine every point. I mention this as the following facts will show that I was being prepared beforehand to labor intelligently for this important revelation about to be made.

About the same time I found I would sometimes become so earnest while writing that I could not keep pace with my pen; and stopping one day I took my manuscript to my wife, saying: "I have written something I never thought of before, or read about, but I *know* it is truth. How do you account for it?" I could not believe I *imagined* this. How could I doubt it was

given me by those beings I was confident were overruling the other wonderful experiences?

Many instances of healing, and many curious phenomena, prepared me for more startling "facts." Dr. Joseph Bates, then of Barre, Mass., afterwards of Worcester, wanted me to see what would be the effect of magnetism on a patient who had fits several times a day, and could find no relief. She was very susceptible, and the first time I entranced her I changed her habits and appearance so that her parents insisted on bringing her to my house to be cured. My wife had no help, and we did not care to take in an invalid stranger; but we were overcome by their pleading, and they left the daughter with us.

Deeply feeling my responsibility, I resolved to magnetize twice a day, and not allow my curiosity to tempt me to try experiments, but to try and cure the girl.

I had a pleasant home, and no family but a wife and infant child. These circumstances were favorable, and, *after the first day, no symptom of a fit ever occurred*, and I was satisfied that she was cured.

After a few days, I asked her, while in a deep trance, if she could see spirits. She said that by a few passes, with that purpose on my mind, I could take her to a more spiritual or interior state, where she could recognize spirits, and commune with them.

The scene that followed was transcendently inspiring. She seemed to be, as it were, transfigured, and her face glowed with emotion, and such an expression of joy can hardly be imagined. Partly rising from her seat, she reached out both her hands, as if embracing a friend, and exclaimed: "Oh, Charles!" I cannot now recall the remaining words, but I can never forget the impression on my mind. With the experiences at Manchester, I was prepared to feel quite satisfied that I could now commune with spirits. I remained quiet, and in a glow of joyous faith as, from time to time, some new spirit came, and she rushed to embrace them. It was a thrilling scene; and, though I had never heard of anything like it before, I rejoiced in the conviction that I was not mistaken, and still more in what was prophesied by this singular experience. With a few upward passes, I restored her to consciousness, and now had before me a simple, artless country girl, in feeble health.

I had known before that she could remember nothing she saw when entranced. But here was a new experience. She said she felt very pleasantly, but could not recall anything she had seen. For several days — twice each day in that quiet cottage on the side-hill, in Barre, Mass.—I shut out all foreign thought, and with only my wife and child present, I had overwhelming evidence of communion with spirits, and *knew* there was no collusion or deception, for the girl had no idea of her gift.

After several days, during which her health improved, and she became more thoughtful, she said one day : “*I wish, some time when you put me to sleep, you would see if I cannot find a friend now in the spirit world.*” Her whole bearing satisfied me that she had no idea of former experiences. I expressed great surprise, and doubted the possibility of doing it; and asked how she could expect to go into a state so entirely different from ours. She said it was only a hope,—then telling me about her friend of whom she was anxious to learn, and that he had assured her that he should be with her, and she believed he was.

I must now interrupt my narrative to explain her relation to that friend, as all this was preparing me for the advent of modern spiritualism.

Just before Samantha Crawford’s fourteenth birthday, her father proposed to go to Boston. Samantha had been invited to a party, to be held in the village, in honor of the arrival of a young Virginian and his sister, then on a visit to their uncle. The party would occur on her fourteenth birthday, and she appealed to her father to bring her a suitable dress as a birthday present. He brought her a lavender-colored figured silk; and, as she was of very dark complexion, with large, dark eyes, and a profusion of hair, that hung in natural ringlets, it was not wonderful that an ardent Southerner was by her side most of the evening. But it was strange that within a few days he should say he hoped she would not wear that dress again till she wore it to his wedding or his funeral.

The reader can easily imagine the scenes that passed during the next few months, but will hardly suspect that before the year had passed Samantha received a note from the sister of this young Southerner, asking her to come at once to him, “*dressed just as you were when Charles first saw you.*”

The young man had been unwell a few days, but was not known to be in danger when last they heard, and it had not been thought proper for her to visit him. When she went into his room, dressed as he requested, his friends were gathered, and his sister sat on his pillow with his head in her lap. He asked Samantha to take her place, and other friends to leave the room. He said he should soon die, but that he should not leave her. He asked her to cut flowers from his plants, and directed how he wanted them arranged. He gave her a few presents, and urged her to take his watch. But she was afraid to accept it. He urged her not to shed a tear, and to come to his funeral dressed just as she then was. With great earnestness he said: "Don't on any account join the Orthodox church: it will be the grave of your faith, if you do." He then said she might call the friends, if she preferred; but she did not, and he lay quiet; and in a short time, without a struggle, breathed his last.

The funeral followed on her fifteenth birthday, just one year from the time he first saw her; and the sequel will show how much this death had to do with the spread of spiritualism. Some may think that even then spirits were planning for a great work.

As the friends gathered for the last solemn service, a chair was left for Samantha at the head of the coffin; and just as the service was to commence, she came in in bridal beauty, and, resting her elbow on the coffin, looked with tearless eye into the lifeless face, while the good pastor prayed, among other things, that her reason might return. She remained with fixed eye till they came to close the coffin, when she swooned, and remained unconscious till all had left, and the family were ready for tea, to which she went in undisturbed serenity.

Is it any wonder that she should have fits daily if Charles kept his word, and would never leave her? Can we not conceive a conflict as he resolutely strove to raise her to a mediumistic consciousness and hold communion with her?

Can you not imagine him resting over me when I entranced her, keeping me from all curiosity till he had accomplished his purpose? I seem to see him hovering over those parents as they plead with me to take her and try to cure her. He carried his point, and no doubt helped me to cure her.

(To be continued.)

FACTS.—MISCELLANEOUS.

ADVICE TO MEDIUMS AND INVESTIGATORS.

When the cry of fraud is going broadcast over the land, and we hear from friends and foes of exposures and all kinds of deceptions, we think it would be well to ask how much of this is the work of the mediums, how far they are morally responsible for their actions, and how the rights of both mediums and investigators may be protected. There is no doubt that unprincipled persons are practicing mediumship dishonestly, purely for gain, and not in any way to make the world better. This is much to be deplored, and while mediums must live, and therefore are entitled to a support from their seances, we are sorry to know that many who have mediumistic talents are not more anxious than they appear to be to use them in an honorable manner for the benefit of spiritualism. What can be done to eradicate fraud from spiritual seances, and explain that part of the phenomena which *appears* to be dishonest? We answer according to our ideas. Let mediums do all they can to prove that they are honest by being entirely fair and candid, not by allowing anyone to dictate conditions which would interfere with the work of their controls, but by suggesting themselves, and accepting from others, such conditions as will prove conclusively the exact truthfulness of their manifestations, and leave no room for doubt. In this way mediums will be honored and sustained by their friends, and great good will result, for there will be nothing to encourage skepticism, suspicion, or slander. As an illustration, every person who has investigated thoroughly with different mediums knows that materialization, personation, etc., are nearly allied to each other, that it is difficult in many cases to say which is which. If the mediums are conscious of these changes, nothing would add so much to their credit, and the advancement of this science in the public mind, as for them to explain what they know with entire candor. If, however, they do not choose to give this satisfaction, it is no reason why a circle of interested individuals, all having equal rights to investigate and judge for themselves, should be broken up or rudely disturbed by one individual, who is suspicious of fraud, to the inconvenience of twenty others who have paid their money, and are not disposed to be interrupted. Let those who desire to clear the muddy waters and eliminate fraud by protecting themselves with test conditions hire their mediums for special seances, and not interfere with public ones, where others are discommoded who are searching for the truth in their own way, disturbing no one, but using their judgment and reason as they think best, believing that without test conditions they may get phenomena that are entirely satisfactory and convincing.

METHODS OF INVESTIGATION.

By PROF. JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN.

Having been requested to express my views as to the proper methods in the investigation of spiritual science, I would state as briefly as possible how I think the dictates of philosophy are to be obeyed in reference to mediumship.

As to *discrimination*. The extreme subtlety of psychic operations makes it difficult to distinguish between the spontaneous operations of our own minds and the subtle influences of disembodied mind. No one can say positively that the delicate balance of his emotions, or his reasoning faculties, has not been modified by the influence of unseen minds, as we know it may be affected by influence of our friends in the body. If the analytic discrimination be so difficult in our minds, which we thoroughly understand, how much more difficult must it be in reference to an acquaintance who possesses mediumship? When he speaks to us with an apparent spirit control, he is certainly exercising his own faculties and organs, but to what extent those faculties and organs are controlled or modified by spirit influence we cannot positively know, neither does he. We can only infer by the novelty of the thoughts, the feelings, the voice, and the manner, that something distinct from himself is exerting an influence; and if his own peculiar thought, language, and manner are entirely lost in the personation, it is probable that we are receiving a message from an invisible friend.

Even in that case the invisible friend, working with an organism distinct from his own, cannot express himself with the freedom and energy which he could have exercised in his own body. It is probable, therefore, that a perfect spiritual utterance never occurs through any medium; but there may be utterances so nearly perfect as to be worthy of implicit reliance.

On the other hand, there is often an apparent spirit control when none really exists. The medium in an entranced condition fancies himself under spirit control, and is led by that fancy to personate the spirit sufficiently to satisfy his hearers that the spirit is present. It may even appear to be a tolerably good personation when it is wholly a subjective process entirely independent of the spirit. The exalted and peculiar utterances in such cases are considered by spiritualists generally as of spiritual origin, and thus thousands are deceived and misled for want of discrimination, and sometimes led into serious errors of opinion, and mistakes in business.

I have seen eloquent messages, purporting to come from spirits, which were very characteristic of the medium, and not at all of the spirit, being entirely opposite to his characteristics, yet such messages are circulated and read as genuine spiritual communications.

Between these two extremes, of messages from the spirit and messages from the medium alone, we have every gradation and variety, and some-

times every gradation may come through the same medium. In a large number of cases the medium is not really controlled, but merely in psychometric *rapport* with the spirit, or perhaps has merely a psychometric idea of the spirit, and conforms to that idea in his utterance.

Discrimination in these cases is very difficult, but there is one test which should not be forgotten. When the spirit is really in control, the medium is at rest and undergoes no fatigue, for the spirit does all the work, and the medium is often refreshed and invigorated instead of fatigued, whereas the medium who is personating a supposed control is not assisted, but is exerting his own strength, and subject to fatigue, not as great fatigue as in his ordinary mental labors, for the dominant idea and belief of a control assists his powers and makes his labor easier, but still the fatigue occurs. This may be illustrated by the father who, in walking out with his little boy, soon found him complaining of fatigue; to remove this he proposed a ride, and, offering his cane as a horse, the little fellow pranced along with renewed spirit. Thus a dominant idea, as we see in psychological exhibitions, gives to its subject a degree of energy which might easily be mistaken for spirit control.

Let us therefore exclude from the class of reliable spirit communications those which tax the energies of the medium, and those which do not greatly transcend his own mental powers, or differ from his own mental habits and forms of expression, and let us endeavor to discriminate as carefully as we can between the three classes,—spirit messages, mixed messages, and medium messages.

Wherever spiritualism has extended, we find great evils arising for want of discrimination in mediumship. A group of devotees to mediumship will be led along by the commonplace ideas of some medium (himself controlled by his education and associations) into serious practical errors, not only in religion and philosophy but in business; and perhaps, after realizing their errors, will only repeat them in another form under the same blind guidance.

Yet, notwithstanding innumerable follies in this direction, it remains true that the real guidance or inspiration of exalted spirits is a blessing to all who can realize it.

Boston, 29 Fort Avenue, Feb. 16, 1884.

INVESTIGATION.

By GEO. A. FULLER.

To the Editor of *Facts*:

I have just read the editorial in the January No. of *Facts*, treating upon the theme of *Investigation*. Allow me to say that I like your position, for it is the only safe one for any truth-seeker to occupy. You grant unto all

the same privileges that you desire for yourself, and censure none for disagreeing with your methods. Never has there been a time of so much strife in the ranks of spiritualism as at present. Some apparently are bent on creating disturbance, and are satisfied only when in the midst of bitterest contention. This is true not only of phenomenal spiritualism but also obtains in the realm of its religious and philosophical teachings. But in this article I will confine myself simply to phenomenal spiritualism, all else being irrelevant to the legitimate sphere of your magazine.

In the perusal of the secular papers of the day, and also some of those confessedly devoted to the interests of spiritualism, one is forced to notice the vast number of so-called exposures of physical and materializing mediums, and necessarily feels obliged to pause and ask the startling question: "Are all our mediums for those phases of manifestations frauds and tricksters?" For one, I believe when we arrive at the truth in the matter, we shall discover only a small residuum as the result of trickery, and the rest genuine spiritual phenomena.

In my investigations of spiritualism,—which have been considerable, covering a period of some fifteen years,—I have been able to discover only a very small per cent likely to have been of a fraudulent nature. I feel as though I had been amply paid for all the time I have spent in the investigation of this subject. My invariable plan has been to conform to the rules of the seance, and use my own judgment with regard to the phenomena produced. Mature judgment should always teach the investigator better than to allow his pre-conceived opinions to hurry him into unwarrantable and groundless conclusions. The old adage, "Haste makes waste," is especially pertinent to the investigation of the physical phenomena of spiritualism. These manifestations require the most subtle and intricate conditions, which are, as yet, only partially understood by the most painstaking investigators. By long and patient investigation, we have learned that in seeking for the best results, either in the mental or physical phases of spirit manifestation, *it is* absolutely necessary that the medium should be in a passive, quiet, and harmonious condition. Yet how often are these conditions violated by members of the circle? A person in this passive condition becomes extremely negative to all positive influences. In fact, the medium is like a nicely-adjusted aeolian harp placed in the door-way left ajar, between the two worlds, and the sensitive. Conscious chords not only vibrate the sweet melodies of heaven, but also creak and groan under the perturbations, jars, and discords belonging to the world of matter. From my own experience as a public medium, I have found the above conditions absolutely necessary for the best results in the mental phases of spirit phenomena. I have often noticed that disturbing elements in the audience mar the beauty of the inspired utterances. Many times have my lectures been

greatly injured by the close proximity to the platform of some objectionable party, and also by the discussion in the ante-room, just previous to the discourse, of some petty and insignificant trouble in the society.

Now, bearing these thoughts in our mind, let us adjourn to the seance room, where it is expected that some physical phenomena will occur. The medium may be a frail and sensitive woman. She states her conditions simply and plainly. Some fraud-seeker immediately arises and proposes to impose his conditions upon the medium. The medium objects, and, after quite an animated discussion, quells the insubordination by refusing to sit under any but her own conditions. The discomfited party is forced to submit outwardly to these conditions, but silently throws off an emanation as foul and poisonous in its nature as the miasma arising from southern swamps. The results of the seance are what any rational mind ought to expect, feeble and unsatisfactory manifestations. For this the medium should not be blamed, but instead the party which introduced the disturbing elements.

Again we enter the seance room. We listen to the conversation of some who are present, and we note a few remarks casually dropped by one party: "I know the medium is a fraud. She personates all the different forms that appear." Now, I do not propose to exonerate frauds and tricksters, but I do feel it to be my duty and sacred privilege to defend all honest and true mediums, even when sometimes found in positions which might imply their dishonesty. An extremely positive person entering into the seance room with preconceived idea that all mediums are frauds until proven to be genuine, even if he does not give utterance to thoughts like those quoted above, may unconsciously exert a psychological influence that will cause the medium to assume the position of the trickster. Will this not explain many of the so-called exposures of materializing mediums? We are told that the spirit world not only uses the material elements gathered from the medium but also the subtle emanations arising from the members of the circle. If this be true, may not our every thought cast its reflection upon the manifestations obtained?

Again, another class of phenomena are often mistaken for materialization. I refer to transfiguration. I have had some exceedingly interesting experiences of this kind. One incident I will relate, as it is not irrelevant to the theme under discussion. This occurred in a seance with a private medium. The first time the form appeared, it differed from the medium only in its costume; then, returning to the cabinet, it reappeared after a few seconds with features greatly changed, only resembling the medium about the eyes. Again it enters the cabinet, and reappears after a brief space of time with all traces of the medium's peculiarities gone. Now, I believe that, if this form had been grasped and held at its first appearance,

the party committing this outrage would have prevented a most beautiful transfiguration, and at the same time found himself holding in his arms the trembling and frightened sensitive, unable to give any satisfactory explanation of the whole affair. The scientist does not begin his investigations of natural phenomena by destroying all the necessary conditions for their production, but instead he complies with the behest of every known law, and seeks also to put himself in a position where he will not interfere with laws previously unknown to exist. This rule should obtain in that realm of mental science covered by the phenomena denominated spiritual.

My experiences have taught me to be exceedingly cautious in using the word fraud. I have also discovered that much is so only in seeing. Even as we discover in this world of ours far more good than evil in human nature, so among our mediums we shall find the genuine far outnumbering the spurious.

I have no fear but that honest investigation will meet with its well-merited reward; and, also, I have no fear but that in time all honest mediumship will be duly appreciated. The great realm of physical and mental manifestations is the bed-rock of modern spiritualism. Desert these phenomena, and we occupy the same position as the church, holding to theories the truth of which we have become powerless to demonstrate.

Thus, Mr. Editor, you will be led to perceive that I occupy the position of friend alike to honest investigation and honest medium; and as I continue, at every available opportunity, to investigate the varied and ever-changing phenomena of our time, I shall ever seek to do this in as conscientious and rational manner as possible, ever allowing the spirit world to dictate its own conditions.

In conclusion, allow me one word to mediums: ascertain the most favorable conditions for investigation under which you can obtain satisfactory results, and then insist upon these being rigidly enforced at every seance. Seek, also, to become in your every-day life a practical exponent of the higher truths embodied in our heaven-born philosophy. Then may you exclaim with the poet:—

“ That I shall often err, as heretofore, I doubt not;
Herein I crave indulgence,
As doing in my humble way my meagre best;
But I propose to struggle on and up
Towards the lofty table-land of hope,
And there inhale the new and morning air,
And bask more gladly in the rising sun of liberty.
Let one and all join hands in this grand pilgrimage,
And proffer each to each, and all to all,—
I've said enough;
My life, let it henceforth exclaim:
‘Encouragement and aid!’ ”



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DR. R. C. FLOWER,

1762 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Extracts from an article in the Boston Sunday *Globe*, entitled: "MIRACLES, IF SUCH THEY ARE," showing the wonderful power that Dr. R. C. Flower possesses to diagnose disease, and to heal the sick. The writer says, "No professional man is better known; his opinion in critical cases is regarded as final."

A distinguished physician of Boston, of over 40 years' practice, said: "I regard Dr. Flower the most wonderful of living physicians, and one of the most wonderful of men. I have called him at different times to see 21 of my patients, after I, with other physicians, had regarded them as incurable. Of these Dr. Flower, after examination, pronounced four as incurable; the other seventeen, in his judgment, if certain treatment was observed, would recover; and to my surprise they did, while the four died. I tell you, sir, there is a destiny in Dr. Flower's diagnosis of disease; he reads the internal condition of a patient the same as *you* would an open book. As a rule the diseases of the doctor's patients are of the worst kind. I have seen him make over 200 examinations, and all without asking a single question. The doctor treats all kinds of disease,—lame-ness, cancers, tumors, scrofula, heart, nervous, spinal, kidney, and rheumatic diseases; and all with the same good results."

An educated Frenchman, from Rue Le Duc Nazareth, Paris, came to see the doctor about his rheumatism, from which he had suffered for over sixteen years, and which had twisted his feet out of shape. "Well," said the doctor, "since you have come so far to be treated, we will see if you can be cured in half an hour." After a few manipulations the doctor said, "You are well now." The Frenchman, to his surprise, walked as well as he ever had, and exclaimed, "My God! my God! what have you done?" What sort of a man are you? Where did you come from, and how did you do it? The best physicians at home pronounced my case incurable." He then handed to Dr. Flower 10,000 francs, which was more than double the doctor's fee.

A Mrs. F. C. Baily, from near Memphis, Tenn., who had five cancers, and who had been given up by four of the leading physicians of the south and west, who had said she could not live over sixty days, came and implored the doctor to save her. He took her case reluctantly, but in ten weeks and two days every cancer was removed, and today she is in excellent health.

Another wonderful cancer cure was that of a Mrs. W. H. Shaw, of Portland, Maine. She said: "I wish every sick person could know what Dr. Flower has done for me; for to come into his presence is health, and to touch is cure."

The wife of a leading Unitarian minister, of Boston, writes: "My dear Dr. Flower, I can never express to you my sincere gratitude for your successful treatment of my case. Oh, what a relief I have experienced; my life is a pleasure now."

Rev. J. W. Phelps, a Methodist minister of Chicago, who has been a patient of Dr. Flower's, advised a lady of Bloomington, Ill., who had nearly lost her eyesight by scarlet fever, to visit the doctor. Dipping his hands in water, he held them over the eyes for a few minutes, then taking them off said quickly: "Open your eyes," when, to her astonishment, she saw with both of them, and in two days the inflammation had all gone, and she could see as well as she ever could.

These are but a few of the many, many cases that have been cured by this truly wonderful physician, and are facts given in an unvarnished way. *Call it what you may, but when it comes to a man standing in the presence of a dying patient, all eaten up and wrecked with pain, making a prophecy as to the future of the patient, and then go to work to fulfill his own prophecy, which is apparently the changing of natural and inevitable results; I say, when it comes to a man doing this constantly, it calls for the honest investigation of the public, rather than sneering from professional rivals.* Dr. Flower's greatest powers are seen in desperate cases and moments of great emergencies. He is frequently called from the city to various, and at times to distant, points to consult with other physicians, or, as a last resort, to save the life itself.